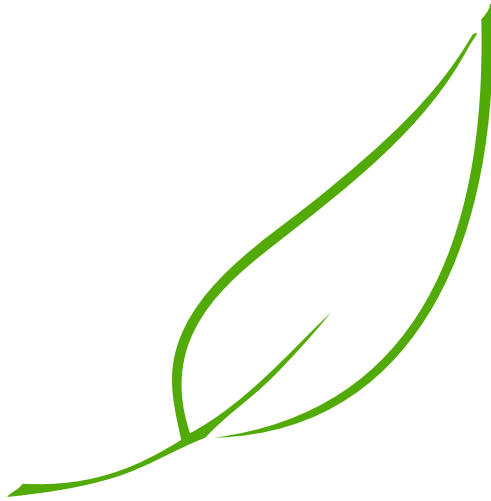


THE WISHER

by Ken Bradbury



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(Ely and Wisher can be played by any combination m or f with a few changes in wording.)

ELY: (*“climbing” down into the area*) It’s gotta be down here somewhere! I saw it drop! (*“lands” in the area and squints ... it’s obviously dark and dank*) Oh man ... how am I gonna find a set of keys in this mess? (*searches a bit more through the wet grass*) I can’t believe I was stupid enough to drop them off the bridge.

WISHER: You’re tellin’ me.

ELY: (*a terrified silence, then*) Is somebody here?

WISHER: Well, there’s you and then there’s me. One of us has gotta be somebody.

ELY: Where are you? It’s dark down here. I can’t see ... (*and Wisher turns to be seen*) ... there you are! You a mugger? You gonna mug me?

WISHER: Why do I have always have to be the mugger? Look, you be the mugger today and I’ll play dead, then the cops will come and ...

ELY: You’re crazy!

WISHER: Thirty seconds. We’ve talked for thirty seconds and you’ve already labeled me.

ELY: Are you crazy?

WISHER: How should I know? If a person was crazy he wouldn’t know it, would he? I mean, that’d just be crazy!

ELY: Where’s my keys?

WISHER: You think I’ve been sitting down here all day waiting for some idiot to drop his keys so I can catch them? How should I know where your stupid keys are?!

ELY: You’re violent, right? You’re one of those crazy, violent type people.

WISHER: First I'm crazy because you lost you dropped your keys and I didn't catch them and now I'm violent? There's a spider crawling up your leg.

ELY: (*yells, jumps, sees the spider, kicks it loose and stomps on it*)

WISHER: And you call me violent?

ELY: That was a spider!

WISHER: I know. I'm the one who told you. Remember me? The crazy, violent mugger?

ELY: I gotta get out of here. (*begins to exit*)

WISHER: Be my guest.

ELY: (*stopping, repulsed*) It's all ... slick and slimy. I can't crawl up the bank ... (*turning to Wisher*) You can't keep me here! I've got my rights!

WISHER: Have I done anything ... I mean, one single thing to keep you here? Did I invite you in? Did you bring an invitation?

ELY: But this place ... I mean, it's so weird. What kind of nut lives under a dark, wet bridge?

WISHER: Has it occurred to you that you've done nothing but insult me ever since you slid into this place? Have I threatened you? Have I hurt you or shouted or done anything that the least bit anti-social?

ELY: You live under a bridge! You gotta admit it, fella. That's not normal.

WISHER: How many bridges have you been under?

ELY: What? That's crazy! I've never been under a bridge in my life!

WISHER: Then how do you know there's not someone like me under every one of them?

ELY: But I mean ... what do you do? Just sitting here under a bridge ... you gotta admit, that's not normal. Why are you here?

WISHER: I lost my keys.

ELY: What?

WISHER: Kidding. You really want to know?

ELY: Yeh. I really want to know.

WISHER: You'll laugh. They always do.

ELY: I won't laugh. Just tell me what you're doing here.
You're giving me the creeps.

WISHER: I wish.

ELY: You what?

WISHER: I wish. I sit under this bridge and I wish.

ELY: That's nuts.

WISHER: Thanks for your confidence.

ELY: I'm sorry. But I mean ... nobody does that.

WISHER: I do. ... I did. ... I will.

ELY: Wish for what?

WISHER: Whatever I want.

ELY: I'm confused.

WISHER: I wish you weren't.

ELY: Maybe I'm not.

WISHER: See? It works.

ELY: Now wait a minute!

WISHER: Don't you ever wish?

ELY: Well ... yes, I mean sometimes. But it doesn't do any good.

WISHER: I'll ignore that remark for the moment. What do you wish for?

ELY: It's none of your business what I wish for.

WISHER: That's not good. You should share your wishes with the world. Silent wishers are so ... well ... silent.

ELY: What business is it of yours what I wish for?

WISHER: I could wish with you.

ELY: I don't want you wishing with me.

WISHER: Scared?

ELY: Scared of what?

WISHER: That your wish might not come true then you'd be embarrassed that you wished it.

ELY: Well ... yeh. I guess that's it.

WISHER: How can you be embarrassed? You don't even know me. Once you crawl up onto the highway you probably won't ever see me again ... unless you drop your keys.



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